SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1903

By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.

N THE LIFE that preceded his time of bondage, A THE LIFE that preceded his time of bondage. Harvey Jeliffe was not a man who coveted or, indeed, who gave great occasion for commiseration. He did that which seemed pleasant in his own eyes and what his heart lusted for he took and kept with a strong hand. In particular, his heart had lusted for Nettle Rix, and he had taken her from her father and her brothers by dint of his strong hand in their faces in what the neighborhood called a "mix-up," which occurred when he proposed for her.

To be sure, his proposition was somewhat sudden and was not couched in accents that could in the least be called typical of the lover's winding, massed as

and was not couched in accents that could in the least be called typical of the lover's winding, whether ag deference toward the guardian dragons of his beloved. He had said with Homeric simplicity, after having listened to the family protest against their main wage-earner being removed:

"You can stow that gas for all me. Net an' me is goin' to flit right now. If y' ain't dead set on bein' sorry to part with her, y' can git away from that door. If y' don't git away, I'll walk t'rough y', and it might disregulate y'er insides."

It was then that the "mix-up" occurred. Harvey "walked t'rough Nettie's male kinsmen, at all events, greatly to the discoloration of their outsides and quite literally brought away his bride. He had not beaten her since more nor oftener than she needed. She her-

her since more nor oftener than she needed. She her-self stood ready to testify to this with every outward accompaniment of rage the instant she heard him accused; and she surely ought to know how often and accused; and she surely ought to know how often and to what extent she was in need. Nettie was more than a little good to look upon, and it is possible that her tolerance was great because, no matter how heavily he struck her, Harvey was careful never to disfigure her face. They had one child—Blanche—of whom they were devotedly fond.

Detective Ackeray was not given to what the young lady novelists would call assorted sentiment. He had heard members of the officially gentler sex cry out insults, to which nothing but a good drubbing is an answer, and that an insufficient one; and hag seen wo-

insults, to which nothing but a good drubbing is an answer, and that an insufficient one; and had seen women tantalize a man to deal the blow which would dishonor him, until from the point of view of a member of the force he thought the blow had been earned and ought to be delivered. "A lady that ain't a lady and can't act a lady don't deserve to be treated like a lady." he had once been heard to declare between his teeth as he bundled a bonnet and skirt, etc., roughly into a patrol wagon. To be sure, the exasperation had been extreme. The bonnet and skirt had behaved more as if they contained a large number of the cat species than a woman, and one side of Detective Ackeray's face had been laid open in broad bands from eye to chin. The point is, however, that Nettle Jeliffe did act like a lady, according to Detective Ackeray's standard at least and that he once happened to be present when Harvey Jeliffe was executing a bit of matrimonial discipline and threatening cuting a bit of matrimonial discipline and threatening to "run him in."

The discipline was being given in the street and

to "run him in."

The discipline was being given in the street and Ackeray would not have been a "fiy" cop had he not believed it to be his right to take a hand in all street happenings. Harvey believed it to be his right to administer any chastisement that he thought his wife needed wherever it proved most convenient.

"This is my circus," be said defiantly when Ackeray threatened to "pinch" him. "You rubber too much with y'r neck, you do. If you can't do anythin' better than mix yourself in family affairs, why, I'll help you to get over the habit."

"I tell you those, too," Nettie declared, boldly champloning her husband's right to bring her up according to his best light; "if you fly cops 'ud take care o' your own fam'lies the way you try to take care of other people's you'd save more money. You're an old woman, that's what you are. I wouldn't be found dead livin' with you."

"Sock it to him!" Hit him where he lives!" "Kick him out o' the street!" bysfanders suggested, and Nettie was emboldened to continue her "roasting."

"You jus' try to pinch my Harvey, 'she went on. "Wy, you long-legged, leather-headed, front-office stiff, I'd rather have my Farvey kick me reg'lar every morning than drink a bottle, o' sham with you every night. You go home an' see 'f your own wife don't need a little touchin."

Detective Ackeray was not hurt by the frankness of Nettie Jeliffe's speech; neither did he find that, it

Detective Ackeray was not hurt by the frankness of Nettie Jeliffe's speech; neither did he find that it lessened her "ladyship." On the contrary, he was old fashioned enough to think a generous lie a grace in womanhood and that a family quarrel is a sacred function so long as the family stands ready to present a united front against the intervention of an

'Log-legged, leather-headed, front-office stiff" is not a hackneyed term of endearment and if Nettie Jeliffe had been searching for a phrase by which to recom-mend herself to Detective Ackeray's esteem she might not have hit upon it. His taste, however, was ma-ture and sound. He did not mind hard words; they do not lacerate the flesh. He minded only bonnets do not lacerate the flesh. He minded only bonners and skirts with feline-flendish contents and it stards recorded that whereas before Nettie Jeliffe had ridiculed him he had pronounced her a "clipper," after she had ridiculed him he pronounced her emphatically a "corker." No very definite ideas are attached to either of these words, but they both express admiration and "corker" is more nearly extreme than "clipter".

Later Ackeray was heard to say, "That little wo-man is too good for Jeliffe," and to declare that he would do her a good turn sometime if he saw his way He was not a man to split hairs about what He was not a man to spilt hairs about what he thought a good turn; if the did not know what was good for her, he did; it was not good for her to be beaten. When he arrested Harvey "on suspicion" in connection with the housebreaking in Rishworth place had received a beating—she took her beatings for the most part in haughty silence. When he succeeded in convicting Harvey although on circumstantial evidence, and in obtaining a sentence for four years, she cried still more bitterly. That was as it should

be. He liked her the better because she stuck to her man. The farewell between husband and wife was neither heart-breaking nor prolonged, but it was "on

"Take care of the kid, old girl," Harvey said. "I'm innocent all right 'nough, but there ain't no need for the kid to know where I am." the kid to know where I am."

"I'll visit you reg'lar every visitin' day," promised
Nettie, at the time really intending to keep her promlse. "Remember, an' make good time, an' don't get
into any rows. I'll take care o' Blanche, so you don't
need to worry. You'll write me, won't you?"

"Kiss me good-bye; y' ain't kissed me since Blanche's last birthday. So long, Harvey!" And the train and Harvey started for the Stir.

If Detective Ackeray had been a mere private citizen and not a prince, or rather a princeling, he must in mere decency have forborne for some time to express his admiration for Nettie Jeliffe. The custom of an aristocracy is more direct; the business of a prince and even a princeling, requires haste and their

placed her under arrest as drunk and disorderly. The next morning in court she sufficiently demonstrated her disposition to disorder by treating his honor with an alternate haughtiness and eloquence which made an alternate haughtiness and eloquence which made the audience bennd the rail titter and the double bench of bluecoats shake with involuntary mirth. The bailiff cried, "Silence!" and threatened to clear the court: his honor passed sentence of \$10 or ten days. Detective Ackeray raid the fine.

In the corridor of the magistrate's court he gave Nettie what he would have been pleased to call "professional" advice. "See here, Net, the next time 't I chew the rag with you about cuttin' up in the streets an' boozin', you want to listen—ree?"

She did not listen the next time nor the time after.

She did not listen the next time, nor the time after. though it need not be doubted that she was impressed—yes, and subdued and attracted—by the might and decision of the prince. She had loved Harvey, mainly because he had vanquished her kinsmen, and a little because he had beaten her as often as she needed it, and not often in the may are the course to make the course the course to make the course the course to make the course and not oftener. In equal logic she ownt to make level the prince, mainly because he had vanquished Harvey, and a little because, if he did not beat her Harvey Jeliffe's wife was not commonly regarded as

a recommendation.

Ackeray paid her fine or let her pay it herself or work it out, as a jockey might gentle or punish a spirited horse which he took pride in training. Whether he paid her fine or not, he always repeated to her that the next time he tried to chew the rag with her she had better listen—see? Her absences from home and her proved intemperance made her an improper guardian for little Blanche. When the child was taken away from her, also at the instigation of Detective Ackeray, Nettie Jeliffe listened.

Three months afterward she was legally and absolutely separated from Harvey and was married to a man whom she addressed sometimes as "George." someties as "dear," and little Blanche, who was restored to her home, was outspoken in her approval of her new papa. Detective Ackeray was "George." He was also dear.

It has been remarked in the first part of this tale that Harvey Jeliffe, on becoming a penitent in the great —— penitentiary, had no notion or intention of ever bidding for the notoriety that has come to him in have made some men commit suicide that he was innocent of the crime for which he had been convicted;
but he knew also that it was no use to let this fact
govern his policy as a prisoner. It was not for him
to ask the prison world how or why his conviction
had come about; it was for him to be an exemplary
convict. And so, wondering all the whole hew things
were going "on the outside" and continually struggling with an impatience at the way the world is
made, he worked hard for two years and nine months
to get a "good conduct" reduction of his sentence,
there remained but a few months more of confinement, and they were to be the least irksome of all,
because Harvey had climbed the helghts which lead
to the eminence of a "trusty;" he had become the because marvey had combed the heights which lead to the eminence of a "trusty;" he had become the errand boy of the prison doctor and was sent on commissions to all the different departments. One day, while on an errand to the glove department, he met an old acquaintance who had recently been committed to the institution, and he asked him for news of the "outside."

news of the "outside."

"How is the push comin' up?" he queried, referring to his old pals. Some were "settled" (in prisons like himself), he learned; others were dead and still others were operating in new fields.

"What's the matter with Net? I ain't heard anythin' from her for two years."

"Ain't no one put you next?" the newcomer counter-questioned him.

"Next to what? She ain't dead, is she?"

"No, she's 'live an' kickin' yet, but that fly cop, Ackeray has tied up with her. They're married."

"Where's the kid?"

"She's livin' with Ackeray, too. Calls him papa."

"Where's the kid?"

"She's livin' with Ackeray, too. Calls him papa."

A guard appeared just then and the conversation was broken off. It had been successful, however; Harvey had wanted "news," and he had got it. There were other trips to the glove department to secure the details of the story by word of mouth, but his own imagination had patched them together for him after he had learned the main fact, which was that Aokeray "had done him dirt." The unmerited conviction and imprisonment became for him now part of a general scheme to "ditch" him. The injustice of the punishment had troubled him and made it hard to obey the rules, but he had conquered the temptation to be unruly. He had been puzzled by Nettie's refusal to write, but he had not connected Ackeray with her neglect of him.

obey the rules, but he had conquered the temptation to be unruly. He had been puzzled by Nettie's refusal to write, but he had not connected Ackeray with her neglect of him.

In an indefinite way he had planned some day to settle accounts with Ackeray for the part he had played in his (Harvey's) misfortunes, but the thought of ways and means had not captured his mind; that could be attended to after he had secured his reduction of sentence. Had he been "outside" even the news of Ackeray's theft of his wife and child might possibly have been as reasonably considered as had been the conviction that he was unjustly a prisoner. Men of Harvey's stamp are much calmer in the open than in the Stir, and marriages and divorces take on no such final proportions. It had taken all of Harvey's good sense, however, to be a model penitent, and the complete revelation of Ackeray's duplicity fired him with a desire for revenge. Hencefort, his one passion was to meet Ackeray. He still remained a "trusty;" good behavior had become automatic with him, but his ambition was no longer simply to be released. He spoke to the warden and the guards of his wish to have a talk with Ackeray. He said that there was a suspended sentence hanging over him in another court and he wanted to know if Ackeray would be willing "to fix things up for him."

"He's the only fellow that can straighten the matter out," he explained to the warden, "and I think if Ackeray'll go to the front for me I won't be bothered."

"All right. Ackeray's goin' to bring some prisoners here in a day or so, an' I'll let him know."

Three days later Detective Ackeray arrived at the great — penitentiary with a batch of penitents, for whose bodies he was given a receipt by the warden. He was informed of Harvey's desire for a talk with him and was immediately impressed with the importance to himself of such a talk. Possibly he might find it to his advantage to arrange matters so that the alleged suspended sentence should be carried out.

"Sure, I'll see him." he said to the ward

Sure. I'll see him," he said to the warden. Where

You'll probably find him over in the doctor's office,

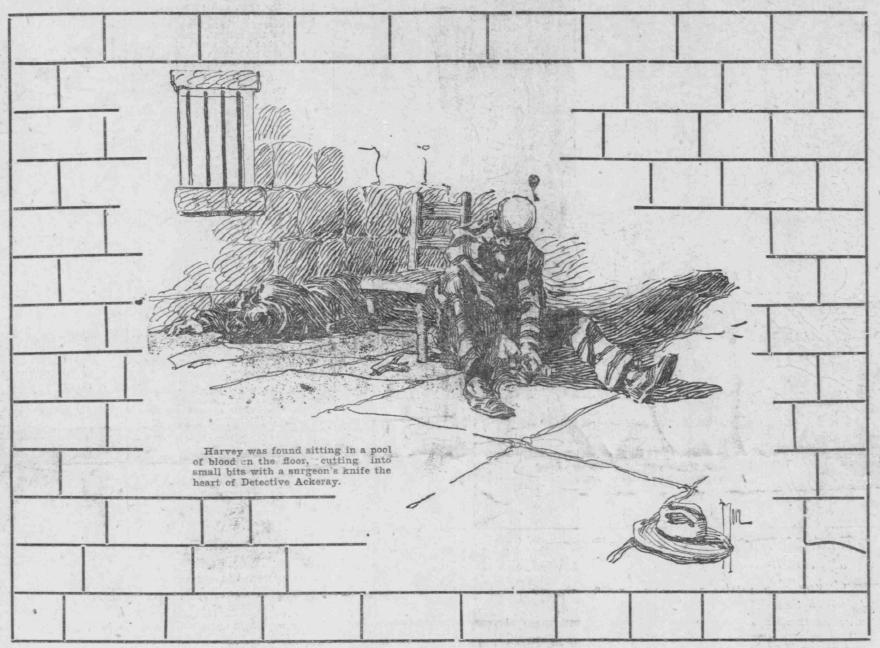
"You'll probably find him over in the doctor's office. Take him into the garden, if you want to be private, and tell the doctor I said it would be all right."

The meeting took place in the doctor's office. The doctor was in another part of the prison and Harvey had been left in charge. No one heard the conversation between the two men, and only two quards knew anything about their being together. Whether Harvey made use of his "suspended sentence" story or charged Ackeray immediately with foul treatment of him has never been decided. The two men were in conference, according to the testimony of the guards, about half an hour, and it seems reasonable to suppose that Harvey could only have interested Ackeray this length of time by reference to the suspended sentence, but in view of what happened one is justified in wondering why he should have wanted to interest him at all. Harvey himself has persistently refused to make any statement one way or the other. When the doctor returned to his office Harvey was found sitting in a pool of blood on the floor, cutting into small bits with a surgeon's knife the heart of Detective Ackeray, who lay dead and mutilated in a corner of the room.

At the trial it was reported that Harvey had mumbled to himself as he cut, "So much for so much; for

At the trial it was reported that Harvey had mumbled to himself as he cut, "So much for so much; for that and for that," but no intelligible interpretation of these expressions could be discovered, and they were eventually accepted as contributory evidence of

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in the given circumstances was difficult, but court ship in the given circumstances is always difficult, and there are no circumstances whatever in which women have not been wooed and won.

women have not been wooed and won.

Detective Ackeray began his courtship on a street corner and continued it in a station house. He had deprived her of a protector who did not protect: he wished to provide her with another who would; he had not hunted down Harvey out of malice; it had been his business to work up such evidence as there was and he had done his business and got his reward, and the prosecuting attorney had done the rest. These things he told her roundly with a manly straightforand the prosecuting attorney had done the rest. These things, he told her roundly, with a manly straightforwardness that should have touched the heart or the imagination or fancy of any woman. When, instead of listening to him she reviled him with feminine finish, point and fluency before a gathering crowd of chaffing auditors, he proved himself a man to be depended upon in an emergency, one of the strong, dumb souls Carlyle and Ruskin used to celebrate as natural leaders and governors of men; he promptly

to silence her tongue, he had discovered a method of procedure which much more nearly silenced it than anything that Harvey had ever done; and the strong point of every woman is logic, the women in their conventions and clubs say so. But the second strong logic. Nettie Jeliffe concealed hers, so far at least as Detective Ackeray was concerned, as long as in all human endurance a worzan could.

trate's courts in the district throughout which Detective Ackeray had authority. The charge was always drunk and disorderly, and the complainant always Detective Ackeray, and sometimes as the months passed she had been drunk, and she had always been disorderly. She could not go back to her kinsmen—her mere presence reminded them too vivid-ly of an unpleasant incident, or coruscation of inciparture. She could not retain a position even when she got one, because of the frequency with which she was under arrest, and, besides, the fact that she was later years as the prison demon. He went to the Stiroriginally with the idea of getting all the "good time" that the law allows a man who has been sentenced to four years and of keeping out of all rows, as his wife had advised. He did that which all wise men who are sent to prison do—in the language of the puglist, he gathered himself together. Men who go to prison for the first time have more difficulty in achieving this feat than those who have been there before; but to live at all successfully—and even prisoners have their standard of success—all must sooner or later hit upon a plan by which they are to deal with their guards and fellow penitents with as little friction as possible. Even with the most careful there are moments when they entirely forget their philosophy and ments when they entirely forget their philosophy and do things which in the open they would never have been guilty of. Long confinement will disturb the mental equilibrium of any man; but all must struggle and do struggle, to live as unobtrusive lives as under the circumstances are possible.

Harvey Jeliffe, on arriving at the great

penitentiary, knew with a certainty which would

Chimmie Fadden.

Spectacular End of a Cruise to Boston Musings of Man's Desire to Love, and Woman's Capacity to Touch.

By E. W. Townsend.

OMEBODY was telling Mr. Paul dat has all kinds of devil machines around it wit me eyes shut, and be as of motor going. He got one. I'd as lief he hadn't, for I'd have more skin to de square inch of Chimmie if he hadn't; but I wouldn't got a lovely tip,

and dat's wort some skin. Foist, let me ask you: What's de matter wit walking, or driving, or riding-or stopping to home? Everybody ing—or stopping to home? Everybody dese days has gone clean dotty on how to get somewhere else dan dey is, and getting dere someodder way dan is good for deir healts. If I had no more use to woik for a living dan Mr. Paul and Whiskers, I'd make up me mind where I'd be satisfied to be, and den I'd go dere by canal boat, and stop dere. But nay, nay!! Everybody no sooner gets somewhere dan dey wants to get somewhere else; and at dat dey ain't satisfied to go by a way dat ain't satisfied to go by a way dat leaves 'em a fair chance of getting dere in de same pleces dey started; dey wants de odds to be dat dey'll get dere in job-löts deir own modders wouldn't

Dat's no joke. One Johnnie in Paris has de center of de stoige, and all de lime light he can stand, because he can go from one part of de city to an-odder in a balloon—sometimes! What's odder in a balloon—sometimes; what's de matter wit de streets? Den a sine-tific gazeaboo in Washington, where de president makes laws for de lawyers, is out for a record wit a flying machine dat Uncle Sam himself is putting up de price for. What's de matter wit 'em all? Why dis bustle to get off de eart? Isn't de wolld his enough. off de eart? Isn't de wolld big enough as it's laid out? If it's only dat dey feels sporty, and wants to run a risk on de same track often enough to suit."

Well, anyway. Mr. Paul he gets de croise, and lands one of dose blkes

a look at me new motor-bike," he den wit one hand force dis lever two notches on de ratchet, and wit de odder hand steady de injector to keep de ting would make a play. I could go explosion gauge from backing up to

dat de bicycle dat goes by kere-seen oil is de real ting in de way to de ottermoble shed and we'll have



happy as if I'd seen a pretty goil.

But I never renigs on Mr. Paul; he's a sporty law, himself, and so what he says goes wit me.

Did you ever get close to one of dose machines? No? Don't! A plain everyday mobile is a hay wagon alongside of a motor bike. Dey has pipes and fuses and tanks and stopcocks and startcocks and sparks and reglators and colls and oil and 'lectricity and benzine, and I don't know what t'ell. And you straddles dat layout. It would be hard luck to have it in desame county wit you—but straddle it. And you straddles dat layout. It would be hard luck to have it in de same county wit you—but straddle it.

Mr. Paul has a French shufter, what shuffs his mobes, and de shuffer' he fetches de motor bike out of de shed, and he gives it a look, like he'd sawed off a rattlesnake on us, and he chases back into de shed and gets to woik on his back under a mobe, and lets on dat he was too busy to know what we wanted. But Mr. Paul digs him out and asks him had he examined de bike, and what' did he tink of it. Shuffer humps his shoulders and says dat he'd diplomas and licenses to run mobes in French and English, but dat when it comes to run a two-wheeled freak he'd pass de job up to Mr. Paul. So we starts worrying de insides of de poorting, and Mr. Paul said dat he remembered all dat he man said who'd sold him de ting; and we'd give it a trial it wasn't built for two, and I was tinking what he meant by "we."

"It's like dis." he says. "Dis feed in the sintroduced to de injector and

"It's like dis," he says. "Dis feed to de injector, and If he hadn't got the bicycle that went by Keroseen Oil I'd have more skin to the square inch of Chimmie.

a look at me new motor-bike." he says.

Say, de way I didn't want to see dat time would make a play. I could go a look of the square from backing up to explosion gauge from backing up to

back draught will be minimized."
"Is dat all?" I says.
"Dat is all, while running on a level;



Shuffer says that when it comes to

running a two-wheel freak he passes but for hill climbing, and coasting, and stopping, and starting, and going slow, or fast, dere is a few stunts dat

fawcets, which you reach by raising Paul did tings to its inside. in de saddle, and controlling de handle. Just den Duchess comes of bar wit your knees. "Is it wort while boddering wit," I

says. "Isn't it too casy, sir," I says. "De easy part is for de rider-de man told me dat—but de instructor, who stands on de ground and gives simple orders on one syllable words, he has a hard task, indeed," says Mr.

"Let's get shuffer to ride, and I'll give orders." I says, for shuffer tries trailly-gailly wit Duchess, and I was willing for him to have a nice easy job like dat.

"No." Mr. Paul says, tautful, "dis is a American machine, and it takes a American to ride it. Don't you want to try, Chames? Of course if you is afraid, I'll ask one of de gardeners to

Of course, when de game was put up to me in dat way I had to draw cards, and look cheerful—as cheerful as I could. Nearly all de hands on de place was rubbering around, to see what would happen, and Maggie, de house-maid, she whispers to me did I want her to take any message to Duchess before I mounted. De coachman's kid asks me would dey wake me on de premises or on de bowery; cause he'd never seen a wake, and wanted to know. Housekeeper told me dat her uncle was a bone setter, and would do a job for any friend of here at halfprice, and butler says to me, on de sly, dat a cousin of his had lived tree days wit a broken neck, and had his All I had to do was to keep her in the pictures in all de papers; but was nev-

papers, what was a great sorrow to but for hill climbing, and coasting, his family.

it was foolish for to start me on de and stopping, and starting, and going. When Shuffer found out dat he wasn't grounds; dat de way to do was to take slow, or fast, dere is a few stunts dat to be asked to ride it, he got friendly, de machine out on de old Post road in is performed by dis battery of levers and helped Mr. Paul to hold de ting front of de place, and head it for Bos
(Costinued on Page 5, Section Three.)



middle of the road.

de tank, for den de only darger of a and cocks and screws and cut-offs and up straight, while I got on, and Mr. ton, for I'd always been croisy to see

Paul did tings to its inside.

Just den Duchess comes out to see what was de circus; and she says dat was decircus; and she says dat it could see Boston if I got dere on dis dinky ting?"

But Mr. Paul says dat it was a good idea, and we trundles de ting out to de road, and I was put up in de sad-dle again: Den Mr. Paul asks me did remember all dat he'd told me about

I say "sure." I says. "Let her ge." says I, for I was sore on Duchess for tipping off de road. I wanted to start on de lawn, where I'd had a chance to run down to de beach and drown de machine.

Mr. Paul he touched a match to someting, Shuffer pumps someting else, I twisted all de screws and levers I could get me hands on, puts me feet on de peddle, dey gives it a shove, and I was off. For a while it was only like riding a plain bike, except dat you sits on a beer keg, or feel like you do; but pretty soon tings began to get gay, and pretty soon tings began to get gay, and dere was sputters and sparks and smoke and smells and whoo-choos and gurgles and gasps and jols, and I was wondering when I'd go up in de air. "Great wolk, Chames," yells Mr. Paul, who was running alongside. "Remember de interlocking friction cutoff, when de interjector counter-balance engages wit de—"

ance engages wit de—"
I didn't hear no more. Someting
must interlocked for fair; for all of a
suddent I felt Mr. Paul like he was going backwards, and de machine and me strikes a gait for Boston dat puts Winton into de post hole. It wasn't so woise. All I had to do was to keep her in de middle of de road, and pray dat nobody else would want de same place. I trun me feet up on de coaster holts, but one of me feet struck some-